

YEAR TORONTO DEC. 26TH 1914 PRICE 10 CENTS
Bramwell Booth General William J. Richards Commissioner

The WAR CRY

Christmas Number



Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild"



ON EARTH PEACE Good Will Toward Men

HUS SANG THE HEAVENLY HOST to the Shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem when Our Lord was born; but as we write millions of men are engaged in the most sanguinary and desolating war that this round earth has ever known. Never, from the days when Tubal Cain first forged iron into weapons of war, has man employed such murderous machines for the destruction of human life and property as in this war. It is indeed the day of the reeking tube and iron shard. Aerial bombs, submarine mines and artillery projectiles have made central Europe during the closing months of 1914 a veritable hell upon earth. This is, without doubt, the world's greatest war and yet we believe that never was the song of the heavenly Host so near realization as now, and that phoenix-like from the ashes of these burned homes and foemen's fires will ascend the white dove of peace never more to be chased out of the ken of men by the unclean vultures of war.

The outlook is dark! some may mournfully say. Yes, but we believe it is the darkness before the dawn. Before this thundercloud of war enveloped the world in gloom there were roseate glimmerings foretelling the dawn of a day when men would be wiser and more Christlike than to submit their differences to the dread arbitrament of war. The day is coming when this gloom will be dispersed and these glimmerings will fill the heavens with golden light. When men will form an holy alliance to abolish war—and the day is nearer than some may think when it will be, "on earth peace."

We think that present signs and past history justifies a hopeful view. Never have men worked and laboured for universal peace as now and never did the great powers, with some unhappy exceptions, strive more earnestly for the maintenance of peace than before the outbreak of present hostilities. And certainly, never has mankind experienced in so great a degree as now, what a horrible, disturbing thing war is. Modern civilization is so interlocked that a war paralyses the nerve centres of the world; no part is unaffected. Within three days after Austria declared war on Servia, the stock exchanges of Paris, Berlin, London and New York and other centres of commerce were put out of business. Banks refused payments and millionaires were poor as paupers. Trade generally is stagnated and financial ruin will be the lot of hundreds of thousands. Then again the casualty lists of the warring nations are staggering humanity. So terrible will be the cost of this war that victors



and neutrals will combine to make the creation and upkeep of such "war machines" impossible. Such is our reading of the signs of the times.

Man's good has nearly always been produced by much travelling—the blood of martyrs has ever been the seed of the church—history teaches us that. Christ, whose birth we celebrate at this time, placed His hand on the head of little children and blessed them—and the effect upon child-life by the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ has been marvellous. Non-Christian religions have been notorious for their evil effects upon the young. The passing of children through the fire to Moloch by the Baal-worshipping Canaanites; the scourging of children in the worship of Diana, and the throwing of babes in the River Ganges by Hindu mothers, were but samples of the infanticide demanded by false gods, but now abolished through the influence of Christianity, which has been the greatest power for elevating childhood and preventing oppression and hardship on the helpless young known in this world since creation's dawn. And yet the birth of the "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," was signaled by the slaughter, at the command of Herod, of all the children in Bethlehem and the coasts thereof. Then—"In Ramah there was a voice heard, lamenting and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted, because they are not."

This "greatest of all wars" has and will cause lamentation and weeping and great mourning, but let us take courage. The roar of cannon, the tramp of marching men, the groans of the wounded, and the weeping of widows and orphans, but sound the death knell of militarism and the Babe of Bethlehem will yet bring in the reign of Peace, and goodwill toward men. Let us all take courage, and continue our prayers that the Prince of Peace may soon come to His own.

THE GENERAL AND MRS. BOOTH

We have very great pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the splendid photo studies of General and Mrs. Booth that grace the pages of our Christmas Number. Around The General are disposed the emblems of the world-wide Salvation Army, with a special reference to the map of India. This splendid portrait of The General is very significant of the recent I.C.C., which, in every way, reached the high-water mark of Army Congresses. The General as every one knows, is a very busy man, and it was difficult to get him to spare the necessary time to visit the photographer. But one day he made a compact with the writer to give, on a certain morning, from a quarter-past seven to half-past seven, to the camera artist. It was only a quarter of an hour, but three magnificent portraits were taken—that which we reproduce is one of them. Mrs. Booth's portrait is a charming picture. We very well remember the circumstances under which it was taken. An arrangement had been made with Mrs. Booth to visit the photographer's studio about noon on the 29th of May. She was to go there directly on her arrival in London from the Provinces. But that Friday the news came of the "Empress of Ireland" disaster. Mrs. Booth, with remarkable fortitude and loyalty to a sense of duty, went to the photographer, but her grief at the terrible calamity that had befallen The Army made it quite necessary that the sitting should be postponed. A week later, the photographer, by a happy circumstance, succeeded in getting a portrait of Mrs. Booth in the act of reading her Testament. We immediately secured it for our Christmas Number. We are sure our readers will wish The General and Mrs. Booth a very happy Christmas, and ask all to pray for our Leaders in these days of stress and anxiety.

"FROM POLE TO POLE"

As this Christmas Number goes to press, Commissioner and Mrs. Richards approach the Pacific Coast. We hope that they will arrive in time to write a word of Christmas greeting to the Canadian com-

rades and friends, but the exigencies of a big edition always prevent us from doing so. We had to give up our plan to publish a drawing of the late Staff Bandsman Gray, who was so intimately connected with the Special Issues of the Canadian War Cry, and will be found on Page 5. It is a typical example of his free, direct and rough speaking, the Commissioner's new Headquarters being a charming subject, showing a father and mother overjoyed at the letter from their Officer-in-India, whom they gave to God in 1913. The remaining portion of this number had to be planned in such time and under very distracting conditions, but we hope the whole will merit the commendation of our readers. A

A VARIED CAREER

THAT Canada's new Leader is a man of experience may be inferred from the following rapid survey of his official career: He was born at the old Devonshire House Training Home, being one of a class of Cadets trained in that historic Home. After five weeks' leave in the first week of January, 1880, he was promoted to the rank of Private and had seven Corps appointments, the last being the famous Chapel No. 1. Then came the appointment as ADC to the Commissioner (Colonel) of the Royal Canadian Dragoons. He was a representative of Eastern District Indians and ordinary people who were independent commissioners. He had many old friends the like of whom he met in the various posts he held. Three months before leaving the party, will, we are told, be appointed to the Division, being expected to have the privilege of serving work and repairing it. The picture shows Staff Captain Dr. Wille, of Java, captain of Major, who was a member of Field Marshall's Division, being examined by the article of the same name. London Division, is also remarkable, being a training and interesting division. Howard, the Captain of the Staff, who is of the Staff. The staff has a most extraordinary reputation in Java as around, was his term of office in up-to-date labour. After that he was and is almost unsuccessful years in finding the natives. On the late General meeting went on a mission in Germany, where the fame London Division, having a high rating had Hall Training Home, but few it, any, in Garrison attached to him, knew him by the Officers who had, prior to his reaching destination, a young some of the highest command. All who boarded the train on command. All who travelled and, with the exception of his race, became the great healer to Great Britain, after which came a complete change of work, himself at the windows of Bethlehems Shepherds of Old. As the windows gleamed brightly as molten gold, As the sun rose before them, the property of Bethlehems Shepherds of Old.

The last published drawing of the late Staff Bandsman Gray, who was so intimately connected with the Special Issues of the Canadian War Cry, will be found on Page 5. It is a typical example of his free, direct and rough speaking, the Commissioner's new Headquarters being a charming subject, showing a father and mother overjoyed at the letter from their Officer-in-India, whom they gave to God in 1913. The remaining portion of this number had to be planned in such time and under very distracting conditions, but we hope the whole will merit the commendation of our readers. A

CHRISTMAS TO ALL.

WHAT HEALER

It is observed that this Christmas Number, in its Pictorial Section,



COMMISSIONER AND MRS. RICHARDS.



able portion of that time with only a Local Officer's rank. Captain Quick has spent about ten thousand dollars of his own money in this work, but he has been amply rewarded, he says, by the large number of natives who have been saved from heathenism by his efforts. With great pride of race the braves and counselors placed upon Mrs. Quick the sash who was to represent the women of their tribe at the Congress, a deerskin shirt so richly embroidered with native heraldry and hieroglyphics that, compared with it, Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment, London, grovels in symbolic poverty. It was the intention of these tribesmen—many of whom are still heathen, but who honour The Army—that their kinwoman should go to The Great General and explain to him what these things meant, so that he might know the greatness of her people. But it came to pass that when this woman of the solitudes beheld the vast multitudes by which The General of The Salvation Army was daily surrounded, that her heart became as water, and she spoke not. So when her tribesmen demand to know what the Great White Chief said concerning them, she will be silent. But if she failed to tell of the greatness of her tribes to The General, she will not fail to tell her people, as they couch round the blazing pine logs, of the might of The Salvation Army.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

GOOD WILL toward men manifestly the proper spirit for Christmas. We have already said, it formed the burden of the song that heralded the coming into the world of the Redeemer, and certainly characterized His life on earth. He dried up the widow's tears at Nain, healed the palsied man, also the poor old woman with the issue of blood; and, without doubt, contributed to the social merriment of the wedding feast with His first miracle. Yes, good-will toward men is a Christlike attitude of spirit, and there is no more suitable time to take it up than at the Christmas season. How can we most effectively do it? By showing kindness to those who stand most in need of sympathetic fellowship. This Christmas, for many, will contain the elements of misery rather than merriment. There are husbands and fathers away to the war, who, last Christmas, made mirth in the family circle. Can you, in any way, make the absence of the dear one less keenly felt? There are some homes to which father and husband will never more return. The trenches at the Marine or the Aisne rivers require to give him up. Can you lighten their sorrow?

"The poor you have with you always," said the Master. It will be showing forth the spirit of good-will to share your Christmas cheer with those who, through adversity, have little opportunity of sitting at a festive board, unless you share yours, or make it possible for a feast to be spread before them. We ask all our readers to peruse the article setting forth what was done to bring Christmas cheer into cheerless lives last Christmas. It will be seen that a large number of the homeless and destitute had a good meal through the good-will toward the poor manifested by Soldier and friends of The Salvation Army. On another page is set out an appeal to the charitable. In this appeal it is shown that The Salvation Army has, perhaps, the most effective organization in this country for assisting the deserving poor, and reasons are given why those who desire to show good will toward men should make The Salvation Army their almoners.

INDIAN DELEGATES

An interesting picture will be found in the Pictorial Section, showing Red Indian Delegates who visited the International Congress. The Indians in the last row are natives from the Slavey Reserve, near Fort Chipewyan, and the two in the front row are Captain and Mrs. Quick, of Killisnoo, Alaska. Captain Quick is an Englishman who joined the American Army in 1898, married his wife, a pure-blooded native of the Klukluit tribe. She became Christian when he met her, and was ultimately the means of leading many of the Indians in the Sitka District, and for a consider-



DOROTHY
DONALDSON

her parents were both quite young, and was adopted by a couple of poor, but honest, people, who made the sad mistake of allowing Dorothy too much freedom on her own way. All this is true, on account of their love for the little laughter-loving, blue-eyed girl, who skipped and danced about in the sunshine, just exactly like the little girl who had gone to Heaven and left them childless. Sometimes Dorothy went to the Sunday School, but I am sorry to say, her foster-parents did not care for her. The foster-parents attracted very little importance to Christian training. When she was grown up, as they called her at fourteen, she was allowed to attend all the village dances, and soon became an adept at this alluring art. It was only the village boys and girls, the foster-parents argued. They were well known, and how any harm could come from such an innocent affair as a country dance, was beyond their conception.

One night, when the dance was at its height, a stranger stepped into the room, and immediately every eye was turned upon him. He was no simple village youth—he must be very rich, was the immediate decision. For his clothes were gold and silver, and a diamond scarf pin and studs adorned the front of his fine short blouse, and more than one jewelled ring sparkled upon his white hands. The village girls (and boys, for that matter!) were soon infatuated with the stranger, and eagerly angling for an invitation from him for a dance, but Dorothy was evidently his choice, and more than once she was whirling on the floor with a partner from all the other girls.

All that night she could not sleep for thinking of the stranger, and kept repeating over and over again, "I think he preferred me to all the rest." When morning came she might have been looking admiringly at herself in the little square mirror that hung on her bedroom wall, to see how the stranger had whispered to her was really true. "Yes," she said aloud, "I am really very pretty." Oh! how quickly the seeds of vanity had taken root, but then extra care had been taken by the stranger to plant them deeply.

Impatiently Dorothy waited for the next dance, and dressed herself with unusual care for it, even needling herself with a needle which her indulgent foster-mother had given her. To her unbounded joy the stranger was there again, and repeated words of flattery that greatly pleased the eyes of the unsophisticated girl at his side. He told her he was of a good family, but had aristocratic relatives, and much preferred the country dances when attended by such a fair, sweet girl as she was.

When Dorothy met him again, he met, and Dorothy's vanity plant had not only taken root, but had grown to quite formidable proportions. She left the dance, and while they walked he told her wonderful tales of the city, and concluded by proposing that it was impossible for him to marry just at present, and seeing that he could not live without her, he had come to the conclusion that they had better elope. He would see

not look for work, and knew

The five dollars were soon gone, and then she sought for help. Every effort was made by the authorities for help, but all efforts were fruitless, and she was taken to the City Hospital, and a doctor looked into the case, but found nothing.

Who can help having a loss of sight? This one soon left her mother's heart. The time came when she turned her face to the hospital, and found herself and home again. Oh! had she known of the Salvation Army, then she would have been saved.

She tried to get work, but the tiny wages hindered her, so, one after another her garments provided food and shelter. Her watch her finger, the same way, and still no prospect of bettering her condition.

Again it was the night before Christmas, and Dorothy was alone in the cheap lodging-house where she stayed. All at once she heard music and dancing in a brilliantly-lighted room, where a charity ball was in progress. The wealthy people were taking part, because it was a sistered charitable, so the whole neighbourhood heard the rolling of carriages.

What a blaze of light and warmth Dorothy tried to ped to look in.



"Mother," said the stranger, "don't you know me?"

that no harm befel her, and in due time they would be married, and all would be well.

At first she shrank from such a proposal, but he assured her he would be compelled to go without her if she did not, and in that case they would probably never see each other again. The poor, silly little butterfly felt that she could never part with him, so she reluctantly consented.

It was the night before Christmas, and the shopping was over, buying him and (thither, buying presents for his wife) other things that would help to make a joyful Christmas-tide; Dorothy and her gentleman friend were hunting down side streets, intent on reaching the railway station, where the great engine stood puffing and snorting as though eager to assist them in their flight. Dorothy had never travelled before, and yet she could not help thinking of the sad Christmas. Dots it would be for the foster-parents in the little village home. But she was only fifteen years of age, and her momentary grief took wing as she listened to the flattery at her side.

It was a long journey to the big city, but the longest journey ends at last, and so did this. Two furnished rooms were secured by the supposed man of wealth, and then Dorothy began to see her great mistake that she had made. After a few days her husband was not such an ardent lover as he used to be, and Dorothy suspected the secret he was not a gentleman of means, but a gambler or the worst type. Sometimes he was drunk with money, and sometimes he made life unbearable, because his pockets were light, and his losses heavy.

Sometimes she thought of writing home to ask forgiveness, but the thought of the sneers and giggles of the girls who had once envied her, restrained her.

Her paramour neglected her more and more every day, and was out night after night. One morning she received a letter which made her heart almost stand still. It was from him, telling her that she would never see him any more. He enclosed a five-dollar bill, and told her to do the best she could for herself.

Oh! what anguish she experienced. Her thoughts were bound up with herself, but for her unborn babe also. "Oh! what shall I do?" she wailed, and, in her agony, wailed as though her

DOROTHY DONALDSON'S FATAL DANCE

the Blind Receive Their Sight

STAFF-CAPTAIN (DR.) WILLE, WHO IS ACCOMPLISHING A MARVELLOUS OPHTHALMIC WORK AMONG THE JAVANESE, DESCRIBES IT IN A MOST INTERESTING MANNER. OVER A THOUSAND CASES A YEAR ARE DEALT WITH, AND THE WRITER GIVES DETAILS OF SOME MIRACLES OF HEALING

READY during my work in Denmark had made ophthalmology my specialty; and when I sometimes was thinking of going out as a Medical Missionary, it seemed to me that it would be in this specialty I should be able to do good.

The call came to me to go out, however, and not seem to point in this direction: yet my thought was only to be guided by His will, and to be guided by Him also in this direction. After I had been in Semarang for a year, and had passed through the year of 1908, circumstances began to change. My work in the Hospital began to be done by a nurse-foggan could be done by a nurse under medical control, and there were in the hospitals for other diseases.

DISEASES VERY PREVALENT.

These diseases were very prevalent one fairyland with its rich hangings, but the other little scenes of poverty emphasized by the great number of blind people to be seen sitting, helping round on the roads. Also among the patients entering the Hospital there were rather severe sufferers, and among them old, severe sufferers, and among them old, severe

and blind.

In the wards the most usual thing was that there were two patients in one bed.

Three little attendants, in primitive circumstances, both as to assistance and medical knowledge, and facilities have been enlarged, and at present three European nurses are assisting in the work, besides about ten native helpers. We have a separate consultation room and an operation room, while the verandas serve as waiting rooms. Also in the wards there is somewhat more room, but still far from sufficient.

The buildings we have are still unsatisfactory, as the walls are not plastered, covered with bamboo mats; they have a tile roof, and a floor of cement.

It has also been a great difficulty to us that the Eye Hospital has not been complete in itself, but has been spread among the other buildings of the Institution.

A NEW EYE HOSPITAL.

A long time ago, therefore, we brought this matter before the Lord, and asked Him to help us out of the difficulty, when His time had come. Our people had been in great misery, and were both blind. The man died, and the woman got healthy and strong. She was opened upon and cured with very good result, and was thankful. When she recovered her sight she declared that she would remain there and give herself to God ("pasrahen marang Goest").

A Chinese, who came under treatment, was also very thankful. He was suffering from the Egyptian eye-disease, or trachoma, which is a very dangerous disease, and was treated very carefully, with great skill, and with much success. He got well, and the eye-disease was cured.

The new Eye Hospital, which is to be erected in memory of our dear late General, will be of brick, and will afford all the necessary facilities for the work. The buildings will be made most quiet-proof, and well ventilated, and be provided with gas and electricity. Water will be supplied from the new central waterworks of the town.

From the buildings there will be a lovely view of the sea, and at the same time we will have the benefit of the sea air. This will be of great service to the Javanese, and for ten Chinese and Europeans at one time as inpatients.

I am now going to tell you some few short stories of the eye patients. I have mentioned the many blind beggars. Some of these people feel their misfortune very much, and of this we had an impressive example some time ago. One day a family came to ask our help. Both father and mother were blind, a little over five years of age, and quite unable to help themselves, and the mother had a young girl by the hand. In that family they had walked a whole week, begging their food, hoping that we could help them to get their sight, but, alas, they were incurable—it was too late; and after they had gone some rest and recuperation.

As a contrast to this sad case, I will tell of another, which has been very encouraging to us, showing that the Lord does indeed work in the world.

A young Chinese came to us from a village thirty-two miles west of Semarang. Her eyes were in a sad condition, blind, and the neither eyelids were turned inside out and hanging as red, running tumours on her cheeks. Several operations were necessary, and we had much labour with her. But we had also much joy from the work. The appearance of the eyes got quite normal, and the sight was recovered beyond expectation.

One day a native neighbor got into conversation with her, and she told her story. Her disease had lasted so long, however, and so constantly got worse that at last she was in despair, and during five days could not eat, but only weep. Then in the night she dreamed that two men entered the cottage, the one a European and the other a Javanese. They told her to go towards the East and that then she would get well. She awoke full of hope, and after much resistance, persons sent by her father to go with her. They did not know anything about the Eye Clinic, but Semarang being the first large town towards the East, they went there, and at last found their way to us.

EYE CURES AND SALVATION.

During her stay in the Hospital this girl was present at the meetings with the other patients, and soon got acquainted with the way of salvation; she did not come to the Penitent-form, but before she returned home she prayed herself in a very open and simple way, and said, among other things: "I cannot do much, but I will do Your will."

When leaving she took a Javanese Gospel with her. There is a man in her village who can read, and there is no telling what will be the result, for any Javanese who understands the art of reading is very anxious to learn it, and they always want to know if their voices can be heard far away. Four days after she had returned to her home, five patients arrived from her part, one with cataract on both eyes, and the others also severely diseased, still, they could all be cured.

I remember an old woman, Mbok Der, who came to the hospital with her husband. They had formerly lived rather well situated; but latterly they had lived in misery, and were both blind. The man died, and the woman got healthy and strong. She was opened upon and cured with very good result, and was thankful. When she recovered her sight she declared that she would remain there and give herself to God ("pasrahen marang Goest").

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There were two Javanese women who came blind, and were both cured. One day a blind person, who had been cured, and was constantly coming from time to time to visit Mrs. Wille and bring her small presents.

One day there came a Javanese nobleman who was blind, and had therefore been forced to give up his position as an official. He was a clever man, and had studied

(Concluded on Page 30.)

A Merry Christmas for the Poor

What the Salvation Army Does with the Money Entrusted to it for Charitable Purposes at Yuletide.

"This Basket of Provisions comes with our best wishes for a joyous Christmas and a prosperous New Year."

"THE SALVATION ARMY."

SUCH is the cheering little message which has greeted thousands of poor families in Canada on Christmas morning for many years past. Victims of poverty and misfortune through one cause or another the great Christian Festival finds them in the plight of old Mother Hubbard—with the cupboard bare. Widows with large families, deserted wives, ragged and pinched-faced little ones, the unemployed, and the sick—make a heart-stirring appeal to which we cannot turn a deaf ear.

Some little idea may be gained of what The Salvation Army, through the generosity of its friends, is able to accomplish in this direction each year, when we state that last Christmas four thousand two hundred baskets of provisions were distributed to poor families throughout Canada and Newfoundland. This means that 14,550 men and women and 13,200 children received a good dinner on Christmas Day. It is probable that these figures will be greatly exceeded this year.

ALL CASES INVESTIGATED.

As to the need of the families to which such help is sent, there can be no question. All cases are personally investigated by our Officers and reported on to a central office. Here is a sample of one such report:

"Mrs. — is a widow with five children, the eldest of whom is only eight years old. They were found living in an old hessian carpeted room, with broken-down beds, three rickety chairs, an old table, and a tin pail which served as a stove, comprising all the furniture. The mother goes out scrubbing whenever she can, to help keep the wolf from the door, but work is not always to be had, and she often searches all day in vain."

Imagine the joy in a home like that when, on Christmas morning, a basket packed with the following good things arrives: A roast of beef, tea, bread, milk, potatoes, apples, sugar, and rice. And in some places where folks are extra generous, a bag of candies, and a large stocking full of nuts, toys, and dolls is included for the children.

A man suffering from consumption and unable to work, a bare home, and three ill-fed little children, was the pitiable sight that met the eyes of another Officer. In several instances, it was discovered that families had not a crust in the house for Christmas Day.

Some extracts from the letters of applicants for relief will also throw light on the condition of many poor families in this land:

"We have not had a real dinner for two weeks; we have been living on bread and water." "Fath fell off the roof some time ago, and we have no means of getting anything for Christmas."

"I cannot come myself, as I have no clothes fit to go out in. We lie and shiver in bed, as we have not enough bedding. There are four children, all under six."

And 4,200 families who were hard up against it like this were discovered in Canada fast Christmas, and given a good dinner.

Another form of practical charity which claims the attention of The Army at this season is dinners for destitute men—an effort quite apart from the basket distribution, and which reaches another class of deserving poor altogether. Over two thousand enjoyed The Army's hospitality in this manner last Christmas, chiefly at Montreal and Winnipeg.

A TURKEY FEAST.

The following extract from the Winnipeg "Telegram" gives an excellent insight into this effort:

"Such a dinner! Turkey, piping hot, with thick brown gravy, mashed potatoes, carrots, onions, vegetables of all kinds—and plum pudding. What a feast! It gladdened the hearts of a dozen or so homeless men who were satisfied to the full because The Salvation Army won them from the highways and byways, and invited the hungry ones to the great tables prepared for them."

"It was a splendid sight to see so many men, women, children—lun—mostly men—being fed, and the plates were filled abundantly. The tables were spotlessly clean, and were cleared and re-set after each crowd of about a hundred and twenty-five people had had their fill. This was the capacity of the tables at one time, but the hundred who were obliged to wait did not die in the cold. They were given a royal treat upstairs by the Band, which played all the old tunes so dear to the hearts of those who were far from home."

Describing a similar scene in Montreal, the "Herald" says:

"This is the first real meal I've had in four months." So said one of the six hundred and fifty men who partook of The

The Common People's Gospel

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL YAMAMURO

Lieut.-Colonel Yamamuro, the Chief Secretary for Japan, is a man of great ability and devotion to the cause of Christ. He is considered to be one of the six orators of The Land of the Rising Sun, and his book The Common People's Gospel has had enormous vogue. How it came to be written, and some results that have attended its reading, are here set out in an interesting manner by him for Canadian readers.



SEVEN years have passed since I wrote The Common People's Gospel. At that

as now, I was greatly concerned for book now so widely known throughout Japan as the "Heimin no Gospo" of the working class, and the intention of that end. I

expected for the Common People's power the demand or the powerful influence had throughout this Country, and

in other lands. Almost every

it was first published letters and re-read Headquarters from all parts

and many from places outside

readings of conversions, and many very

cases, and the name of the author

of the book, "Yamamoto," through its

many other direct or indirect way,

only the title in English has led some

to be unable to read the Japanese language

the contents as a kind of 20th

New Testament, written in the language common people. A glance at the names

objects dealt with in the five chapters

book as follows, will be sufficient to show

not so—Chapter I. "Our Heavenly

Chapter II. "Sin"; Chapter III.

Chapter IV. "The Christian Life";

"Practical Christianity".

A RECORD SALE.

Common People's Gospel has had by far

the sale of any other book representing

literature in Japan. Over 60,000 copies

have been sold, and the demand is yearly

growing facts concerning a few cases

of conversion brought about as a result of

the book has been pleased to own and use this

years ago the Salvation Army Officers

were holding Open Air meetings at

centres in Tokyo on New Year's Day.

Heine's Gospel. Opening the page where a

form of prayer for salvation is written, he

read the prayer aloud with great earnestness

and intensity. God answered his prayer, and

saved him there and then. He returned to his

home rejoicing. The change was very noticeable,

and a friend, who had also been a drunkard,

came to him one day and asked for an explanation.

Mr. Soyeda, for that is his name, replied, "Christ and the Salvation Army did this for me."

His drunkard friend because very interested

and said he wanted the same salvation.

Being unable to explain and help him, Mr. Soyeda would like to have done, he said, "Let us both go up to Tokyo. To Tokyo, then, and Mr. Soyeda's friend got saved. On their

return home again the villagers were surprised

to see him in such a state of health and

strength as he was.

He was a changed man, and the

whole village was astounded at his

conversion.

He was a changed man, and the

whole village was astounded at his

conversion.

He was a changed man, and the

whole village was astounded at his

conversion.

He was a changed man, and the

whole village was astounded at his

conversion.

He was a changed man, and the

whole village was astounded at his

conversion.

He was a changed man, and the

book he began to feel troubled in his mind concerning his soul and the nature of his business. Having no quiet at home where he could think and pray, he sold his shop, and went to his spouse and hired a room in a very quiet part of the hotel. There he read the book over again, carefully and thoughtfully, and began to wonder what he ought to do. He saw that his prosperity meant the loss of property, health and happiness to others.

THE BREWER'S CONVERSION.

Two cases of men having died as a result of drinking of the wine he had himself invented came to his mind. His conscience smote him, and he became very anxious about his business and became a Christian. Then he prayed to God for His forgiveness, and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour. He returned home determined to carry into effect his decision. The forces of opposition which he had to face as a result from all directions were mighty and subtle, but he remained steadfast and struggled through with his purpose until he had transformed it into a success factory. His test was severe and lasted a long time. One day he came to Tokyo to see me and to ask advice. We talked and prayed together over his difficulties, and he returned home strengthened and determined in his course. Twelve years have passed since his conversion, and he has never touched a test, and remains to-day a faithful and stanch Salvationist. He has recently composed many poems of praise and thanksgiving to God for his deliverance and salvation.

THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT.

Another case is that of Mr. Muraki, a gentleman who had a position in the Horse Administration Bureau. He lived a very lonely life away up the country where he seldom saw anybody. He came to Tokyo on business once—a very long distance. In some papers or magazines he saw a notice concerning the publication of The Common People's Gospel. He immediately ordered a copy. While he was reading it he felt a strong desire to be saved. He was truly repentant, and longed for forgiveness. He had no idea of how to pray, but he used the form of prayer given in the book, and thus he prayed from that.

He had no Christian friends to whom to help or comfort him. He turned to God Himself, by His Holy Spirit, did the work, and spoke peace to his soul. The next time he came to Tokyo he came to see me and told me all about his conversion. After a little talk together, I suggested we should pray and, suiting the action to the word, I did so. When he had said his prayer he was surprised, and said, "Is that the way to pray to God?" He stood upright standing. The attitude of his heart, however, was right before God, and that is practically everything. Mr. Muraki is now in Tokyo, and although not a Salvationist, is a very earnest Christian.

A MIRACULOUS CHANGE.

Mr. Yokoyama had a very unenviable reputation as a gambler and brawler. He was a terror in the district where he lived. Through his vice he sank into a most wretched condition. He was in debt and disgrace. A copy of The Common People's Gospel was handed to him one day by a Christian man who pitied him. He read it, and as a result he saw his sin and folly, repented, prayed, believed, and finally renounced his evil ways. Light, hope and salvation came to him through The Common People's Gospel. The change in his life was miraculous. He suddenly became an industrious, sober, honest, hard-working man. During a period of ten years from the date of his conversion he saved (Concluded on Page 28)

LIEUT.-COLONEL YAMAMURO.

and delighted to see the great change in these two men. It resulted in their making Mr. Soyeda chief official of the Village. He constantly wore a red jersey, and was called "Kirisuto Son-Chō" (Christian Village Official). His son in Tokyo, who was the first of the family to get converted, died, and when Mr. Soyeda's term of office as Village Head Official expired he came to Tokyo. His daughter not long ago graduated at a Girls' College and the question of her future was talked over. She stated that all her parents belonged to God and was due to His mercies and work of the Salvation Army. Therefore his daughter shall be given to God for the work of the Salvation Army. That daughter is now a Captain at a Corps, and all the rest of the family are earnest Salvationists.

Mr. Konishi is another case of conversion through The Common People's Gospel.—His

had been breed of Japanese wine for upwards of 90 years, and lived almost in isolation up in the North of Japan. At the time I am writing of, Mr. Konishi owned the brewery and had made a special kind of wine which was strong and cheap and by this he made a lot of money. In fact he became Government authority in this line of business. One day a Missionary handed him a copy of The Common People's Gospel. After reading

General Bramwell Booth

Mr. A. G. Gardiner, Editor of the London (Eng.) "Daily News and Leader," paid a personal visit to The Salvation Army during the International Congress, and wrote the following impressionistic sketch of our Leader and the Movement he represents. The views of such an eminent publicist will, we are sure, be of interest to our readers.

If you walk down the Strand or loiter along the Embankment in these bright June days you cannot fail to notice that we have got something new. And it may be said, is no unusual thing. Every day drives a hundred thousand people from London, and in a walk from Trafalgar Square to the Law Courts you may at any time catch the accents of many strange tongues and rub shoulders with visitors from the islands of the utmost seas. But the present invasion is distinct from this normal condition, for it is noticeable for many things besides its magnitude. For example, it is the most remarkable agglomeration of human types we have ever seen in our streets in large numbers. There are Indians and brown faces, black faces and yellow faces, Japanese and Koreans, Americans and Australians, Swedes and Swiss. Not though they be all voices, though their speech, it has this in common, that it is always splashed with red hats and red robes, red badges and red ribbons. At certain hours, when the tide ebbs and flows from the great Congress Hall that has been built in the Strand, the streets seem bright with red. And it is not only this note of colour that is common to all. In spite of the disguises of tongue and of skin, they are boundlessly one people, with a common citizenship that ignores the boundaries of race, of country, of States, of colour and speech. They have some secret of fellowship that unites them—a secret, too, which makes them conspicuously happy.

It is this atmosphere of happiness which will impress you if you follow them to those amazing meetings which they are holding thrice daily. Amazing is not an excessive word for such a phenomenon as I witnessed this week, when I made the round of the services which were in progress in that evening. It was the fourth or fifth day of the Congress and there had been great gatherings in the morning and afternoon; but the Central Hall of Westminster was crowded to the doors. I went into Kingsway Hall, where it had been opened to the vestibule. Then to the temporary Hall erected on the encyclopedic site in the Strand, where five thousand people were listening to a lecture from General Bramwell Booth, while outside the doors there were crowds still waiting for admission. It is a fact which means a good deal.

A WORTHY SUCCESSOR.

It means, for example, that the prediction, which used to be common, that The Salvation Army was a mushroom growth that would vanish with its Founder has been falsified. Two years have passed since General Booth died, and in the interval The Army, so far from fading away, has developed as rapidly as at any period during its history. This is the first result that impresses us of its place in the scheme of things. It is now enough to say that The Army has been fortunate in securing such a man as its successor chief. That is true, of course. This grey-headed man, with the sensitive mouth and the serene eyes, who stands before the great audience pleading with them to leave the life of pleasure for the life of sacrifice and service, is not unworthy of comparison with his father.

And yet he is singularly unlike him. There was something manly and heroic about the old general. The black, bead-like eyes and the hard face gave an extraordinary impression of penetration and personal energy. He charmed you, not merely by the name of his passion, but by the intensity of it all and the sense of the superiority of his worldly wisdom. He was an atheist who founded an empire. His son is not so original as his father, unless he is perfectly adapted to maintaining the empire and strengthening its foundations. He is an organizer where his father was an adventurer. He is a soldier where his father's dreams would never have been turned into solid reality. What The Salvation Army owed to him in the past is only now becoming apparent. He supplied precisely the balancing element that the General needed! He supplied it because he was his mother's son.

PASSION FOR HUMANITY.

That fact is apparent from his physical aspect, which is singularly reminiscent, in his mingled tenderness and serenity, of his son. It is apparent also in his methods. What was computation in the father is persuasion in the son. He holds his great audience by a certain air of sweetness and light, and the sense of an all-impassioned sympathy suggests both in manner and matter an evangelist different to the distractions of intellectualism and modernism, and diffuses his appeal on the simplest Gospel plane.

It is the power of that of which this remarkable Congress is

the witness. No one can be present at these gatherings without being impressed by the magnitude of the hunger to hear Army ministers. Morning, noon, and night ten thousand people crowd these Halls to hear addresses, now from black or from white skins, to shout and to shout "Hallelujah." Now day there will be a hundred thousand of them at the Palace. They seem a community, a democracy, chiefly men, say, belonging to the comfortable working class and the trading class; but no doubt inclusive of all ages and conditions. They are people of whom we never hear in England, for they are not politicians, or lovers of sport, or the like. They are just quiet, plain people who have "found religion" whom religion is the one serious interest in life. They are to The Army because it gives them religion and not the world, and not a creed. It does not offer them immediate solutions of all their difficulties. It ignores problems alike and addresses itself directly and simply to the disquiet of men. Francis Thompson said that it was next to man to find God if he did not seek to dole His gifts. It is next to man to find the working principle of The Army. Its methods are crude and violent; but at the bottom they anticipate that new philosophical movement which seeks to substitute the Spirit for the Rule of Nature.

THE POLITICS OF ZION.

The Salvationist has no regard for secular remedies. His divorce from the political world, his coldness towards movements, socialist theories and so on. General Booth repudiated all these things. So, too, to him the one supreme, overwhelming fact of life. And it is remarkable to see how collective action, but by personal Salvation. On one side is the question, "What shall we do with our sin?" and on the other many voices speaking in answer. Some say: "Do nothing; nothing is to be done. The world is lost and man is lost who will presently perish. Sit still and die." Others insist on improving the laws and customs of the nation. Others insist on human deliverance. They forget, he says, that the most civilized people to far are perhaps the wickedest of all. He says: "Educate the people, not in politics, but in their minds. Instruct them. Sin is only ignorance. It will disappear before the advancing light of knowledge. Science and bring the people out of their degradation. Schools are the cure." And, he says, they forget that many of the most gifted men and women in every age have been the most profligate, and the most miserable. Others again insist on money, higher wages, better living. Destroy poverty, destroy vice. They forget, he says, that the black man himself cannot eat of the fullness of bread. And so, too, does all the theories of the socialists, the reformers, and the nationalists as worthless, he arrives at personal Salvation. Christ and the life of righteousness as the one remedy for the world's ills. He preaches the politics of Zion.

HEALING FOR SORES AND SINS.

And yet there can be no doubt that it is the social policy of The Army which is largely responsible for its success to-day. It was the appeal of General Booth through his "England" scheme to the conscience of the country that won The Army such universal sympathy and gave so powerful an impulse to that movement of social reform which has become the supreme concern of politics. And now the Social Work of The Army to-day which, to the outside world at all events, appears to be a mere compunction till to think. The value of that work cannot be exaggerated. In England, America, France, Germany, Sweden, India, China, South Africa—wherever The Army goes it carries with it healing for the sores as well as for the sins of society. Children's homes, mothers' hospitals, labour centres in the streets, in the prisons, among the forlorn and the wretched—all this is included in the task of The Army in all lands.

Altogether from and distrust of the secular activities of the world may ultimately have a profound influence upon The Army. In course of time, it became enriched and respectable to take up the formulas of Churches and encase itself in them. It would have been a clerical factor in politics and in society with his absolutist authority for a more democratic State. It is the peril that lies in its path. It is not apparent now. The Army still preserves to an astonishing degree the enthusiasm with which, under the inspiration of its great Founder, it came out of the East End nearly fifty years ago with a banner and flags flying to encounter the ridicule of the world, to wrestle with the sins of men. Its disciples still go out like poor friars or knights-templar to carry (Concluded on Page

OUR PICTORIAL SECTION



MRS. GENERAL BOOTH



"BE PRESENT AT OUR TABLE, LORD



"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my little ones
have done it unto me."

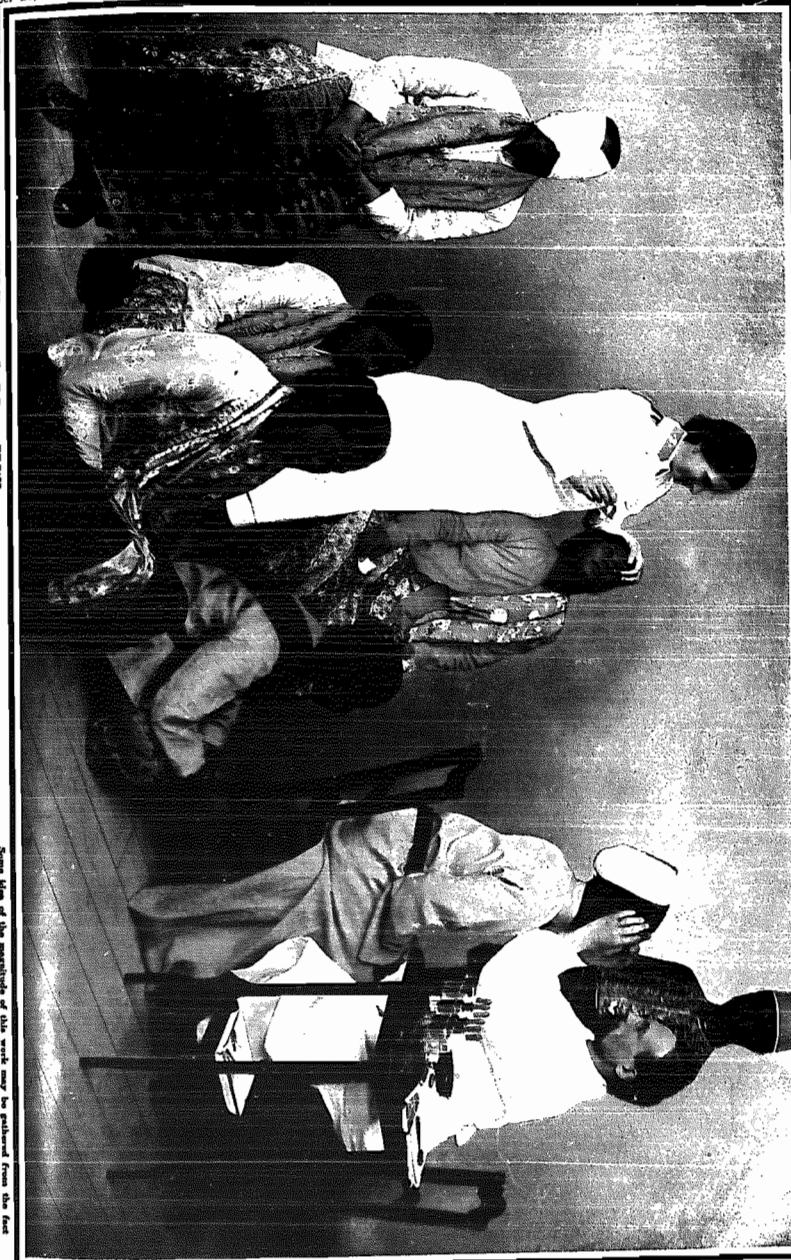




"Thou shalt have joy and rejoice at His birth"

December

1914



Some idea of the magnitude of this work may be gathered from the fact that about 1,000,000 men in the U.S. and Canada are now in the field.

December
ber 26, 1914

ALL THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH:

GATHERED IN THE
CONGRESS HALL

A Meeting in the Temporary Congress Hall in the Strand, London

The above picture, by a celebrated London Art admirably depicts the delegates in their varied and futureque costumes. There were twenty-three delegations represented in the Congress meetings.

Colonel and Mrs. Horatio and their band of pioneer officers of the Economic Division for the Army were present. A large number of women have been exhibited and some have been elected to the Order of the Cross and Order of the Crown and Order of the Garter. Other interesting facts



W. BRAMWELL BOOTH, General of The Salvation Army

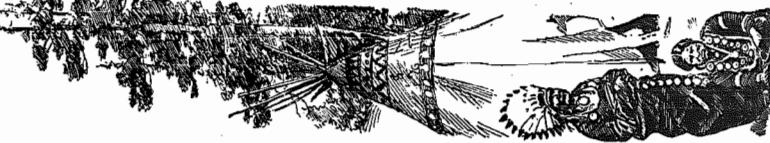
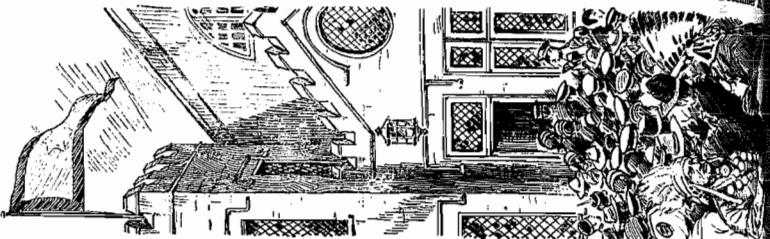
"The heathen world to-day contains a Thousand Million Souls who sit in darkness in chains who sit in the very shadow of death— they wait for us to bring the Good News."

—THE GEN.

The wide extent of The Salvation Army's operations is indicated by its flag flying in 58 countries and colonies and that its Officers are in 34 different languages. The breadth of the present work is shown by his inauguration of a great Missionary scheme which has for its object the sending of 2000 missionaries to the East. The first batch of 1000 intended last year had already sailed and a hundred more, by the time this is published, would be on their way to the Far East. It may be asked, "What is the value of the Army to the world?" The writer says in his article:

"The value of the Army cannot be exaggerated. It is in America, Canada, Japan, Norway, Sweden, China, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, India, etc., etc."

Wherever the Army goes it carries with it healing for the sores as well as for the sins of society, children's homes, mothers' hospitals, labour colonies, industrial workshops, rescue homes, work in the streets, in the prisons, among the foreign and the lost—all this is included in the task of The Army in all lands."



Salvationists of Cho-Sen

A Chat with Colonel Hoggard and the Koreans about The Army's Work in the Hermit Kingdom

The result of the return of the Korean I.C.C. Party from their country via Canada has been the creating of a new interest amongst Canadians in the little-known Land of Cho-Sen, as the natives call it. We say little-known advisedly, from those who have direct interests in Korea or are students of geography, as very few people are acquainted with the state of Korea, its location, its history, its political aspects, etc.

In fact, Colonel Hoggard, the Territorial Commander, relates to a man at the I.C.C., who was under the impression that Korea was a town in Spain, their stay in Toronto, a "War Cry" reporter had a very interesting interview with Colonel and Mrs. Hoggard, and also with Koreans through the aid of interpreters, the gift of which is so forth in this issue. It is even stated that the Colonels, since being in command of the Territory six months, have made a very close study of the people, for he is a regular walking encyclopedia on things Korean.

A greater part of the country, it is said, forms a peninsula southward, separated from the east by the Sea of Japan. On the west the land extends to the Yellow Sea. It is about a thousand miles in length and four hundred and sixty miles in breadth, an area of about seventy-five thousand square miles.

ANCIENT PEOPLE.

Koreans, who now number twelve millions, are a very ancient race. Of their origin and history hardly anything is known, but it is an established fact that their own king in 1122 B.C. which would be during the time that David ruled over Israel, do the Koreans accept the Christianity? we asked, for our native belief had led us to desire that they might accept the truth of the Gospel experience with the Koreans to believe," replied the Colonel, "that they are not altogether heathens as we have to imagine. In fact, I am convinced that Christianity was introduced into Korea in the third century, and though its light did not let its influence on the people for no sooner do they hear the truth than they eagerly embrace it, and set to work to spread it among their fellow-countrymen, and that is far beyond what I have heard of in Christian lands. Yet for all that, our native belief hindered by the firmly-entrenched idea of ancestor-worship, the veneration of parents. The Koreans, however, with the Chinese, go to great lengths in this, and many hundreds of promising young men have been lost to the Army merely because their fathers refused his consent to join me. In fact, I am convinced that the majority of our native Officers would not join the Army if their fathers told them to do so. Those who follow their native beliefs are very hard to shake off, even by those who are converted to Christianity."

A CASE FROM TORONTO.

Speaking of the beginning and progress of the Salvation Army in Korea, the Colonel said, "The salvation Army, to tell the facts of the arrival of our forces, that I send a few days after the pioneer arrived, no doubt, most of our readers are aware. This is a little story, however, of a going behind the scenes, as it were, which concerns Canadians. As soon as the arrival of the Army, the natives began negotiating the purchase of suitable property to be used as headquarters. This was done, and on a tract of land on which several houses were built. When the deal was closed, the Colonel handed the agent through whom it was done his commission, amounting to \$250.

To his surprise and delight, however, the money was handed back with the quiet remark "I would like to give this to The Army as a donation." Curious to know what had so influenced the gentleman in favour of The Army, the Colonel asked him why he had given the money. "I have a son who is a drunkard," was the reply. "At that same time he lived in Toronto, and somewhere else. The Salvation Army got hold of him, and he became a different man. So my donation to you is a practical demonstration of my gratitude to The Army for what they have done for my brother."

THE DIGNITY OF WORK.

How wonderful to think that the kind hand of sympathy extended to a drunkard in Toronto should lead to the influence of The Salvation Army penetrating a heathen land even before the pioneer Officers arrived, and thus smoothing the way for them to tell others of Salvation.

morning, then, and see how you like it."

"The answer, and that I like it, he said. "It was instilled into them. Now that they are in the Field they set an example of industry to their Soldiers, being the foremost in doing the work necessary for the building of houses and Halls, and keeping them in repair. Thus a new spirit is coming over them."

SOME PERPLEXING PROBLEMS.

How radical is the change is best illustrated by the following incident. One day the interpreter came to the Colonel and said: "I met a dear friend to-day, who asked me if The Salvation Army was very poor. I said 'Why do you ask me that?' 'Because I saw the Colonel carrying a parcel down the street,' was the reply. "The Colonel would not think, far be it from him, to be alone handling a parcel. And that the native Officer who shakes himself free from such ridiculous ideas of dignity and performs services regarded as menial, has a good deal of ridicule and contempt to face from the unchristian populace." Until the Colonel had successfully taught his Officers the dignity of labor, he had some perplexing problems to face.

A Captain who had been appointed to a Sectional Command came to him one day and said that he and his wife would need a servant to wait on them, and the servant would need a coat to carry parcels for them. The Colonel thought at such a proposition, and determined forthwith to bring the Korean Officers to a better conception of Army ideals.

The little party of eight that Colonel and Mrs. Hoggard took to the I.C.C. was a splendid representation of the forty native Officers and 2,500 Soldiers that now march beneath The Army Flag in Korea. We had the privilege of conversing with each of the officers, and their interpreter, of course, and learning from their own lips something about their country and its customs, and also about their spiritual experiences.

Captain Yi Eui Choon, the only one possessing a knowledge of English, explained all about the various garments worn by the members of the party. Referring to the photo you will notice that the three gentlemen are wearing funny little "toppers." This indicates that they are married men. They are peculiar little hats, intended more for ornament than use, we should imagine. Bamboo comprise the framework, and over this is ingeniously woven an open-work of painted horse hair. The size and shape of the hats also serves to show the rank of the wearer.

THIRTY-FIVE BELOW ZERO.

The gentleman in the middle with the monogram "sun-helmet" is gathered as a mourner. The Koreans hold very peculiar views about death, thinking that if a father dies it is an account of some evil done by his son. The son, therefore, has to walk about for two years in a long robe and an enormous basket-like hat to signify to all that he is ashamed of causing his father's death, and to atone for it. He covers himself from the light of heaven. The hat on the extreme right is wearing her winter outfit, which consists of a hairy quantity of cotton batting stuffed inside her cotton garments.

"It is very cold in Korea in the winter," said Vi Eui Choon, "as cold as it is in Canada, the ground dropping thirty and even thirty-five below zero at times."

The fur-lined cap worn by the lady sitting on the floor signifies that she is a married woman, while the elegant pigtail of the boy next to her announces to all and sundry that he is not married. They marry at a very early age in Korea, but the immediate contracting parties have no voice in the matter. (Concluded on Page 28.)



THE KOREAN I.C.C. PARTY—(Key to Large Picture).

(Black Row, left to right) Cadet Chon Mu Soon; Lieut. Hor Kent; Capt. Wang Cheol Yul; Mrs. Yee; (Front) Cadet Choo Chung Wahn; Junior Yi Keng Suk.



Photographs and Paragraphs

Some Interesting People

EXPERIENCES OF A BLIND MAN.

Dr. Ranger, The Army's solicitor, T (The Founder) of The Army, twenty-two years before his death, handed in a sealed envelope the name of his successor, and on the memorable twenty-first of August, 1912, Dr. Ranger cut open the said envelope, and the formal appointment of the Chief of the Staff was made. Afterward the Doctor announced that: "All the legal formalities having thus been observed, Bramwell Booth is legally installed and is now in fact and in law tember of The Salvation Army." Dr. Ranger is a man of infinite powers. He is sixty-six years of age, and thus describes how he became blind: "I lost my sight when I was fourteen. I had a long illness, and when I recovered the sight of my left eye was gone. The sun came into my room, casting the dark edge of a looking glass on the dressing-table, and I went in sharp relief against the white window-blinds. One morning I noticed the line was not so distinct as usual. I rubbed my remaining eye and looked again, and made sure I could not see clearly with it. Next morning I could see even less, but I hoped against hope. On the third morning I opened my eyes and saw nothing. I remember as far as possible, I stared towards the place where I thought the light was, and it was all dark. My father came into the room, and I said, 'Father, I am now altogether blind!'" The Doctor went to Oxford, and in spite of his dreadful handicap took his B.A. degree in three years, and got first-class honours in jurisprudence. In due course he took the M.A., and five years later secured his D.C.L. degree. The blind man who has done so, in preparing for his examinations, would get his reader to mark important passages with a black pencil, then at the second reading of all marked passages the more important ones were selected and marked with a blue, and repeating the process he would have the most important passages marked all red. He says: "I enjoy pie turing over old things I remember to have seen. It is better for me to have loved and lost, than never to have lived at all." Lost my sight shortly after the time of the Crucifixion. I remember newspaper notices of mites streaming out of water, of dimes sent to faraway women, of enormous engines and pipe bands, with them, with their ill-tempered leaders, I cannot think of any band, or any being dressed in such a way as to satisfy our principles."

Dr. Ranger

Employer to such an extent that he was clever enough to escape detection, he would gladly give that man ten pounds to settle matters if he could find him. He smoked and chewed tobacco from the age of ten years up to his conversion, and even when a grown man could not read nor write, and was so ignorant of religion that he had never heard of the thief in the Cross, nor knew the man died to save him. He was, he says himself, one of England's heathen. For years he had never called his mother by that endearing name, but had invariably addressed her with foul words, but when he got converted he went home and said, "Mother, will you forgive me? The Lord Jesus is here!" Our comrade admits he owes all he has and is to God and the Army.

A DOYEN OF BANDMASTERS.

PERHAPS the most famous Bandmaster in Canada is Brigadier H. Conway, of the Toronto Garrison. He is the author of the "Army Band," in which he has written the West of England, Bristol Circuit, Corps. Sixteen years ago he became the Bandmaster of the Swindon 1st Band, a England, which position he held until he came to Canada. At the Special Festivals in the United States, of the Swindon 1st Band, he received high praise, and Bandmaster Conway has in his possession two letters from Brigadier Slaters, in which he writes: "Chief Musical Editor has considerable pleasure upon the Band he left this comrade, Nine and a half years ago he came to Canada, since when he has had charge of the Uppinnett Street, Rivendale, and Temple

Bands. He has achieved a considerable reputation in Canada, and for seven years was the chief bus conductor of the late Canadian Territorial Staff Bands. Brigadier Conway has always succeeded in obtaining the confidence of his Bands in his worth as a Salvationist and a musician. The Temple Band is making fine progress under his leadership.

A SALVATIONIST ALDERMAN.

THE case of Robert Desert of Stockton-on-Tees, familiarly known as "Bob," is a striking example that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of which is to come." He holds in the Corps the position of Young People's Sergeant-Major, and for sixteen years has been a member of the Stockton Corporation. He is a member of the Boiler-Maker and Steel Ship-Building Society, and serves on as many as half a dozen different Councils. Our comrade has always won his Army Comrades' medals and promotions to church or chapel. Before his conversion he walked the streets of Stockton barefooted, and begged his bread. He also worked in one of the busiest foundries without pay for his own break. He was a notorious young fellow—drinking, card-playing, gambling, theatre-going, and other evils were the things he lived for. When only ten years of age he suffered from his

language has The Salvation Army progress as in Sweden. Commissioner Ouchterlony, who began Army work in that land and continued in Denmark, is a woman of great talents and how she became acquainted with the Army. She is an intelligent, well-educated woman, with a restful manner, a ready smile, and a sweet disposition. She is a member of the Salvation Army, and a builder of character. Forgetting the people of Wisbech, Anna J. Peckover early manifested a friendly spirit towards

The Army, and entertained the late Mrs. General Booth at his residence. It was there that Miss Peckover first went to an Army meeting; but it was not till two years later that she went again.

The Army Hall

had been burned down,

but the old

home was left by her

family for the Friday night's Holiness meeting, and one of these she attended. "I longed,"

and she did not like to turn him out penniless in the world. In his cell the poor old criminal opened his heart to the Major, and told how

he desired to live honestly in the future, and that he would do his best if only he had guidance.

The Army provided him with suitable employment in an Industrial Home, where he attended the school, and on half of his pay.

One night he knelt at the feet of the Saviour, confessed his sins, and now rejoices in the peace of God. He finds the

House a veritable haven of rest after his stormy and sinful career, and bless God for The Army.

WELL KNOWN ON "ON CHANGE."

"SALVATION SMITH" is a

house. Rosie a maniac. In fact, his mates are

Up before the magistrate all at the Penitent-form:

For several years past he has been a member of the Peckover family, and the Army's annual outing, and recently presented the Band with four new instruments and the Singers with a piano. We regret to say that her health is very indifferent at the present time.

A PRINCESS BRIGADIER.

ONE of the most devoted of The Army's Officers in Switzerland is Brigadier (Princess) Ouchotomsky, who pioneered The Army's Social Work at various centers in the country. In Finland, the Brigadier was in 1875 married to Prince Ouchotomsky, of Russia.

Shortly after their marriage they came south in search of the health of Princess Ouchotomsky, who was ill in Vevey, a few years later, died in Switzerland. During the dark hours of her loneliness among strangers in a foreign land, the Princess turned from the world and its distractions, and through the gates of the New Jerusalem, into a converted drunkard, and one of the conductors is among the interesting sales in selling Christmas "Cry" brochures of Throgmorton Street, London. An example of a business man

With her children she settled down at Vevey. In 1886, while spending the summer on the mountains, the Brigadier attended some Army meetings held in the kitchen of a humble worker's cottage, and there sought the blessing of Sanctification.

The following spring, with her assistance, the Princess opened in a Evans' hall a series of severe personal meetings. The Brigadier is now Warden of The Army's fine Home for women in Vevey.

NANCY DICKYBIRD.

In striking contrast to the preceding women Salvationists on this page is Mrs. Humphreys of Manchester, who is locally known as "Nancy Dickybird," owing to a former habit of whistling whilst at work in the factory. But she also had a love-affair with the Prince of Wales, and son, a son, in Strengham, fell ill in the old days divided her times between the jail, the workhouse, and the streets, but did nothing morally wrong besides drinking herself into madness. A publican was so delighted at the change wrought in her that he bought her an outfit of Army uniform. A dragoon sergeant sent to see her, but her mother came along with him two photographs of Nancy—one as she was, a poor, drunken outcast, and the terror of the police, and one as she now appears in Army uniform.

THE LATE GENERAL'S BIOGRAPHER.

M. R. HAROLD BEGBIE, who is writing the official life of the Founder of The Army, is well known as the author of "Twelve-Born Men" and "The Light of India," besides being one of the most interesting and sympathetic writers who accompanied the late General on his motor tours.

Mr. Harold Begbie has already completed his biography, in which The General has given a great deal of time and attention, spending whole days on various sections of it with Mr. Begbie. An amateur at correspondence, with journals, official and private documents of all sorts, have had to be carefully waded through, classified, and, a great many of them, copied. A great deal of this material (Continued on Page 50)

met him, and he was soon converted. He is now a member of the Army, and has in his possession two letters from Brigadier Slaters, in which he writes: "The Army has a great influence upon this man, and he has been a great blessing to us all. He is a man of great grace and power of God; Born of drunken parents. Parents' death. Sent to work when eight years old. Was brought up by a sister. Ran away from home. Met by so-called lady and gentleman. Drugged in public-house. Money lavished upon me. Spent \$10,000 in vault with four corpses

meetings. The General made the most of one of his most eager listeners (his lonely) an acquaintance that led to the raising of The Army Flag in Sweden. The General is now on active service.

SEVENTY-FOUR TIMES CONVICTED.

ENVY ROSIE BANNISTER, of Burnley, England, is a modern miracle. Prior to her conviction, she was seventy-four times before the magistrate, spent \$10,000 in eighteen months, and was on her way to commit suicide when she was saved through The Salvation Army.

Our comrade is well known throughout the Northern Counties as she travels far and near to tell what God has done for her. The following syllabus of her life-story indicates how great in her heart has been the grace and power of God: Born of drunken parents. Parents' death. Sent to work when eight years old. Was brought up by a sister. Ran away from home. Met by so-called lady and gentleman. Drugged in public-house. Money lavished upon me. Spent \$10,000 in vault with four corpses

meetings. The General made the most of one of his most eager listeners (his lonely) an acquaintance that led to the raising of The Army Flag in Sweden. The General is now on active service.

CONVERTED CRIMINAL.

ENVY DARKIE HUTSON, of Seven years in penal servitude, and have been a pupil of the late Captain very notorious criminal.

He lives at Dewsbury, in Yorkshire, England, but travels constantly throughout the country, and Army Special. The following is a synopsis of his life-story: Darkie father—Christian mother—working at six years of age—entered the navy—drummed out in 1870—was a sailor—met Charlie Pearce—escapes with \$10,000 worth of jewellery—hides from police in

vault with four corpses

The Praying League.

Service Through Worship.

(By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.)

For my Christmas message to our Prayer League family I have chosen to write upon the subject of "Worship," gathering our examples from an incident in the life of our Master.

The orphans to whom Christmas can just what it is meant to mean for

2. For widows. 3. For bereaved. 4. For all who are oppressed. 5. For all naval and military men. 7. General and all rulers.

Daily Bible Topics.

Dec. 17.—We Know. 1 John 3:14-21. Dec. 18.—Inward Witness. 1 John 5:20-21. Dec. 19.—Deal Wisely. Jude 1:1-25.

Dec. 20.—Revelation 1:4-20. Dec. 21.—Weak Points. Rev. 2:17-18. Dec. 22.—New Year's Day. Rev. 2:18-28. 3:1-12. Dec. 23.—Neither Cold Nor Hot. Revelation 3:14-21; 5:11-13; 4:2-6.

Now, dear friends, at the outset, permit me to state that my view of these two hundred women differs from that of most people. I hold that these Marthas are only and wholly practical: Mary wholly or only spiritual. Both women were good, holy, devoted, unselfish, or Jesus could not have felt for them such a love and friendship as He did. Martha was apparently the head of the house; an active, earnest woman, a good housekeeper; the ruling spirit, always eager to have all go well. Lazarus, her brother, was evidently the only lar-

son, a brother, probably an orphaned circle, occupying a rural home outside of and adjacent to Jerusalem. Our Saviour once said: "Foxes have holes, . . . but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." And it seems that after His weary days of teaching and healing in this city, He liked to retire for an evening into this peaceful retreat.

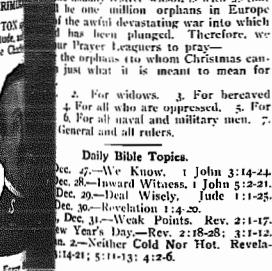
We are told "Martha received Him into her house." The brother, Lazarus, does not seem to have been the leader. Jesus had come up to the Feast of Dedication, and Jesus had been a Light unto the world, being entertained, probably His disciples also, by the kind family at Bethany. And every hostess present knows what a differ-



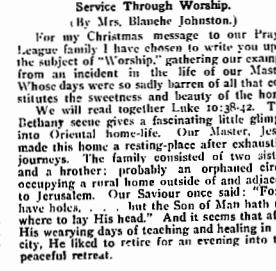
Bandmaster Conway



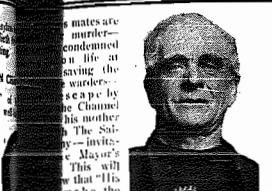
Rosie Bannister



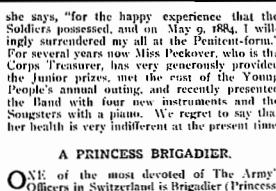
Anna J. Peckover



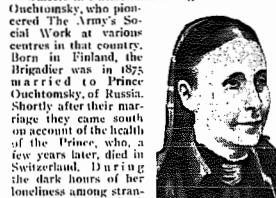
Mrs. Hutchinson



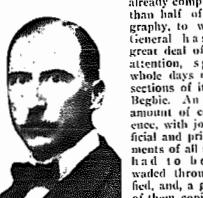
Dad Gilson



Princess Ouchotomsky



Anna J. Peckover



Mr. Harold Begbie

WHAT HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN

The Amazing Story of John Bryce

NOTE TO THE READER:

Jack Bryce, descendant of ministers dating to Clay-
ton's time, was educated at Edinburgh University
and became regimental sergeant-major. Attended
the South African War, he was wounded at Magersfontein.
While in hospital he had a long talk with Capt. Jim.
Welcomed back by his comrades at Bloemfontein in
honour of his return, he was soon back in the field.
While on his way to his tent, drunk, he encountered
the old man with his rifle. This officer taunted
him with his condition, and struck him, for which
Bryce lost his temper, and struck him, for which
he was court-martialed. He was sent home to Scotland.
At the end of his trial he received a telegram from
Major Armitage saying he must come to her when he
could. Seeing that his punishment was passed, but reduced in view
of his conduct, he was allowed to return to his post.
General commanding to dismiss him only. Major Armitage
gave him a written instruction to the manager of a
firm of shipbuilders on the Clyde that would give him
employment. On reaching Scotland he was welcomed
by his old friend the dominie.

CHAPTER XIX. DOUBLY BEREAVED.

TWO years had passed away since last
we saw Jack Bryce, his arrival in Edinburgh
from South Africa. These years had been quiet, and in many ways un-
eventful. They had been a not unpleasant
change from much of his past life, and especially from the turmoil of
his military career.

He had found employment, as a
clerk, on the recommendation of
Major Edward McMillan, Anderson,
Innes, and Co., ship-
pers, Govan, and by steady perseverance
and ability, had advanced from
post to post in the service of that
firm until he was holding the position
of assistant private secretary.

The old dominie had resigned his
duties as schoolmaster of the glen
and returned in his lot with Jack. Together they had settled with him
in Govan, where Jack did everything
in his power to brighten the remaining
days of the old man's life. The
dominic felt that there was a special
call upon him to live beside Jack
Bryce, and there is no doubt that
his presence was helpful to him.

Again and again the tempter assailed Jack, and there were times

when the desire was so very strong

upon him that he had almost given

way.

Jack had a happy temperament,
and was the best of company to the
many friends he had made around him. Of course there were always
some of these friends who were
inviting him to drink, and oftentimes
the temptation was powerful. Fortunately,
as the desire for drink
came to him there also came the memory
of the past. As these pictures flashed across the mirror
of his brain, and he remembered the haves
and the have-nots, that had caused in his life, he
thought of the promise he had made to Nellie
Armitage on leaving South Africa, and he kept
that promise.

Nellie Armitage had returned from South
Africa something like six months before,
and was living with her aunt, the only relative she
had left. Of course the present was in the
beautiful little village of Balloch, which stands
on the banks of Loch Lomond. Here Nellie was
resting after her arduous life as a nurse in South
Africa. Day by day she was busy preparing for
her marriage with Jack, which was to take place
in another six months' time.

As they had spent their course they had
left the old dominie in very feeble state. To the old man tottering about with his long white
locks it seemed a long, long time since he was
schoolmaster in the old glen, and Jack Bryce was one of his boys. The old dominie had
ever looked upon Jack as his boy yet, and it had
made his life so much happier to be living with
the object of his love.

Jack had met Nellie Armitage to the
dominic, and she had won the old man's heart.
It was a relief to him to feel that when the call
came for him to go hence, there would be some
one to care for Jack, for, as he sat waiting for

"But, dominie, if you are feeling unwell I will wait
until once for the doctor, and we will have his
advice," said Jack, now fully alarmed.

"No, no, no, that now, my boy," quavered
the old man. "I've brought the best medical
authority that money can buy no skill of theirs
could build up this old frame of mine."

"Surely there is something I can do for you,
is there not? You know, dominie, there is nothing
I would not do for you."

"Yes, my dear boy, I know that, and days
when we have been so much together. It will be
so much easier when now I know you are safe."

"Oh, my dear old friend, I cannot bear to
think of you leaving me yet. You have helped
and strengthened me so much during these past
two years that I feel there would be a terrible
blank if my life were to go to you."

"Thank God that He has used me to that
end, but now He is calling me, and I know that
the time has come. But, my boy, when I go
hence, you have another who will comfort and
love you through the stress and battle of life."

"Yes, dominie, but still I want you; for you
have been the bravest old friend that a man
could have."

"We will not talk about this any more at
present, for you must be off to Balloch for your
week-end."

"I think I had better say a few words to you
about your son," said Jack. "I feel that
you need for that. Besides, you may
have above all the wealth of experience."

"No, no!" answered the old man, shaking his head.
"Leaving the old man in the
housekeeper, Jack set off in the
end visit to Nellie Armitage, the most
despicable miscreant in his
domine, but the old man had
gone, and Jack felt that he was
him unhappy by staying. Arrived
Jack, received his usual warm
woman who loved him with
of his heart.

During that week-end the sufferer was a tall, blue-eyed
young man.

When the silver
sheaf of the sun
was still covered with their coats of
light, when the great
sun, that great, majestic lion, had
set in the glare, and the tall, silent
mountains around. That
never proved to old
that truly listen.

These two had
been cool, peaceful, and at rest,
since they had part
other week. The
little homestead, with its tie beams
and walls still covered with their coats of
light, when the great
sun, that great, majestic lion, had
set in the glare, and the tall, silent
mountains around. That
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sun, that great, majestic lion, had
set in the glare, and the tall, silent
mountains around. That
never proved to old
that truly listen.

What a misery it
that these two could
not be together, and
the hills to the west.

When Jack came
the Monday morning he
old friend had told
the worse, and was
and the old man
feel the chill of death
him, and as he lay
pillows in his bed
that the end was near.

The old dominie was
Jack entered the room
looked at the rugged
the pastures, as Captain Jim Austin,
He resembled his
house in the glen which
had been kind to him.
Now the shadow
upon him, and the
was at hand.

Slowly the old eyes opened and
light of recognition shone out
of mercy amongst the diggers in
the mountains and the farmers in the back-
country, as well as the miners in the
mines.

"My boy, you have come at last
on a long journey—a long jour-
ney, and the voice
slowly and at intervals.

"O dominie, what can I do for
friend?" "Nothing, laddie, only
whence comes all strength."

The voice grew away, and
again the lips
hanging down, to listen. Jack
familiar words:-

Jesus, Lover of my soul.
Let me bathe thy bosom by

But the voice failed, and the half-
dominic clutched that of Jack's
the word "Repeat." With a
from the point-up emotion which
was taken.

These were six acres of potatoes
up, the barns will have to starve
you worry about that?" said the Cap-

At the last line was spoken the
were opened again, and with the words
"Repeat," his head fell back, and the
had winged its flight to the

the fever, and I'll see
all is peace and joy. (Concluded)

While the nearer waters rolled
Ob, receive my smal

the Cap-
see about the work. You think about
Christ who cured Peter's wife
of the fever, and I'll see
just as if the Lord had sent along an angel from



The fire blazed and roared until it got to their dwelling.

"God bless you!" said the stricken father, as
his broken fingers pressed the Captain's hand.

The dawn was just changing the blue-black of
night into a turquoise hue of approaching day,
when the Captain got in the saddle and can-
tered away to the homes of other bushmen whose
dwellings lay scattered and wide in that
locality.

A selector, who may in passing, is a man
who takes up a small holding on unoccupied
Crown lands, under residential or other con-
ditions, and pays for it by instalments.
In time, if the payments are kept up, the land be-
comes freehold.

"I am going to do some 'graft'-to-morrow for
a bushman who is lying sick. He paid his rent
for his farm to the bushmen, and when he caught
the fire he got up by himself, and said, 'Give me a day,'" said the Captain to the
first selector he called upon. The reply was a
cheerful affirmative, for your genuine bushman
has a generous heart for a fellow creature in
distress, and especially so when the grace of God
influences his life, as it did most of those upon
whom the Captain called.

The Captain then visited half a dozen others,
and in every case seven or eight sturdy bushmen
were busily engaged in digging up potatoes in the
six-acre patch.

"There are no lazy bones in the Captain, are
there, chum," said one selector to another, as
they dug up the potatoes. "See him laying into
it over yonder."

"Yes," replied the other. "I see him. He's a
genuine Christian, I reckon. Did you know Jack
Murphy?"

"He had a selection by the Wallington
Creek."

"Yes; that's the man. Well, he's been ill for
some time now, and as the farm is mostly sand-
scrub, his wife has had a hard job to get tucker
for herself and little ones out of it, and to
keep her man as well, so she took to making charcoal,
as she could manage that better than farming."

"Some time ago the annual instalment for
the farm was due, overdue in fact, and Mrs.
Murphy was in great trouble how to get the
money. She got in a good order for charcoal,
however, which she thought would help her out
of her difficulties, but when she sold the batch
she had taken with chequemats, pain-

or something in her arms, and couldn't hardly do
anything. By-and-by Capt. Jim comes along, and
tells her his trouble, so he off to his coat,

takes an axe and goes into the bush and felled
all the timber she wanted for the order, and
helped her to make it into charcoal. When

Mrs. Murphy told me about it, she said 'twas
just as if the Lord had sent along an angel from
Heaven to help her out of her trouble."

CAPT. JIM AUSTRALIA

A TALE OF
THE BACKBLOCKS

Sturdy bushmen were busily engaged in digging up
potatoes in the six-acre patch.

"Well, I guess she wasn't far out," replied
the listener, who then said: "By-thee, did you ever
hear tell how the Marshall's family was burnt
out, down by the Sandy Creek, and how the
Captain got their house built up again?"

"Well, some skunk of a scamp had started
a bush-fire, it is hard wood country there, but
the trees had been ringbarked, and the dead
leaves caught the flame and roared and flamed
like pines in a blaze, so the fire came hissing and
crackling up the gullies and along the ridges,
with a front a mile wide. It came down upon
Marshall's ripe wheat and his home, and threat-
ened destruction.

"It is a lonely neighbourhood, and no help was
handy. Marshall and his family were at home,
and with green bunches fought desperately with
the fire to beat it out before it caught the stand-
ing corn, but the wind was against them, and
showers of sparks fell on the bush fence which
soon got alight, and a fire engine could hardly
have put it out.

"Well, old Marshall, when he saw it,
leaned against a tree and gave up: 'The wheat
must go,' he said. 'We've done our best.' And
he went to the well, sot, and dripping with
sweat, saw the fire blaze and roar until it
got to their dwelling and turned them clean out
of house and home.

"Almost desolate, the Marshalls tramped to
a neighbouring farm, where they were hos-
pitably put up. Now it so happened that the
Captain was at the place when the homeless family arrived,
and no sooner did he hear their story, than he set off to the bushmen who lived in
the district, and got them to bring their teams,
cut and haul them out to the selection, and build
a fresh house.

"So hearty was the response to the Captain's
 appeal, that in a little over a week the Marshall's
family were once again in a house of their own,
and deeply grateful to the Captain for what he
had done."

"Yes, he's a good fellow," replied the listener.
"I heard him giving Jack Fleece when keeps the
farm, when he got it, the pick and shovel and
earns his bread by honest toil."

"I heard the Captain telling one of the Soldiers
about it, and I don't wonder he give him beans. I
believe I should ha' punched the fellow's head if I'd seen what the Captain saw."

"Why, what had he seen?"

"Well, a day or two before, a poor, hokey,
scallawag of a man had come to him in great
distress, and told him a horrible tale. It appears
that he had sold up his home, and his wife and
children, and then tramped about the country with
his wife and six little youngsters.

"It so happened that he had struck a dilapi-
dated little shack and had bought his family in it,
and was drinkin' at Jock Fleece's whenever
he'd get a penny to spend."

"One morning, when he awoke, he found that
his poor, miserable wife had got worn out with
the struggle, and was lying stiff and dead on the
floor of the empty cabin: while his six little

DOROTHY DONALDSON'S FATAL DANCE

(Continued from Page 6.)

the way of making a grand living providing you make a sufficient sum to what you have to earn it. But, she quickly assured her mother, she would be only too glad to have any chance in life. "Then go to No. 1099 Yonge Street, give that card to the lady, and it will be all right."

It was not a long walk to the number indicated, so Dorothy soon stood before a house that was nothing short of a mansion. It had a brown stone front, and was brilliantly lighted. In the porch was a big sign which read: "The Blind and Cripples Hospital at the door. Surely I have made a mistake," she thought; but no, this was No. 1099 — Street. So she pressed the electric bell button. A liveried man servant opened the door, and Dorothy was ushered into the house of death. Soon Madame Marcellle made her appearance, and for a while looked at Dorothy, much in the manner she would be buying a horse. Whether she was really buying a horse, Dorothy could not tell, but she smiled very sweetly, and soon learned from Dorothy that she was in destitute circumstances, and needed a friend. Madame Marcellle assured her that she had come to the right place, and led the way to a showily-furnished bedroom, and Dorothy was told that she could consider this her home as long as she stayed there. What a sigh poor Dorothy gave as she took possession of her comfortable bed! Of course, she thought of her baby, but he was well cared for.

Next morning Dorothy was gently awakened, and saw Madame Marcellle standing beside her bed. "I thought," began Madame, "that I might as well tell you the rules of this house at once." Then she described the nature of her surroundings, and told that Dorothy would be expected of her if she remained there. "You will have a good home, plenty of food, and dress like the richest ladies of the land." Then she pointed to some gaudy garments which had been selected for her wear that day. They were such as Dorothy never dreamt of. The jeweller looked like the real thing. "The woman concluded by saying, "We never leave a house without good old garments are given back again, for these are the property of this establishment. If you comply with what I say, you can dress yourself and come down."

For a few minutes Dorothy lay in bed wondering what she should do. Her better nature revolted at complying with such conditions. But despite her nobility, she thought of her baby long and hard, and finally gave in. She could at least dress in the fine clothes just to see how she looked. She put on the garments, surveyed herself in the glass, with evident satisfaction, for although she had not the rosy beauty she had when a country lass, yet the mirror reflected a pretty, pale-faced girl with a wealth of golden hair. She even put stockings, and was complimented on her appearance by the gaudily-dressed women, who sat smoking cigarettes and drinking their morning glass of liquor. Their coarse talk at first smote her ears very unpleasantly. After being introduced to the new girls the bell rang for breakfast, and a very sumptuous meal was served. But unhappiness and discontent should itself be very strong.

Dorothy was at first very retiring, but had soon been there long before she could join in the coarse talk, drink, and smoke cigarettes as freely as the rest of them.

A year or two of this awful life had passed away, and Dorothy frequently found herself wishing she could escape, cursing the man who had been the means of her downfall more than once she had eluched a revolver with intent to kill herself, but somehow the sweet-faced teacher of the village Sunday School would rise up before her, and because of eternity she refrained from taking her life.

An old man, who was a constant visitor at the house of one of Dorothy's admirers, soon learnt the story of her life, and her desire to leave. He offered to pay all her debts, and set her free if she would marry him. To his request such a lot, so Dorothy complied with the conditions, and became the wedded wife of Old December. In the little cottage he furnished as the home she had hoped for a while, but only for a short time, she was marred with her aged husband, and one day she had pulled up the few clothes he had bought her and went to live in a large manufacturing town.

One Saturday night Dorothy had imbibed quite freely. She was a good whistler, and somehow, the first effects of drink would make her very merry. This particular Saturday night was no exception to the rule, so Dorothy walked

THE CHRISTMAS WAR CRY

1914

THE CHRISTMAS WAR CRY

down the street, with her sailor hat on the back of her head, and her hands in the pockets of her short coat, whistling and trying to walk.

The Salvation Army was near at hand, conducting a meeting, and Dorothy could hear them singing, so she began to whistle the tune they sang. The Captain who was a pale-skinned fellow, called out to Dorothy, "Hello," said "fall in and march with us to the Hall." Dorothy needed no further invitation, and very soon was marching and singing lustily.

The meeting made a great impression on her, and at the close she knelt at the Penitent-form. Of course, everybody saw she was drunk, and a few faint hearts said: "Oh! she does not know what she is doing." But she did, for the next night she was there again. This time sober. Once more she went forward and knelt at the Mercy Seat. When she rose to give her testimony, everybody listened eagerly.

"Friends," she said, "as many of you know, I was here last night, and I was drunk, and knelt at this Penitent-form, and gave God my heart. I knew what I was doing, and went away saved; but I thought I would come out again to-night to show you that I am really in earnest. I have been very wicked, but I am going to trust God now; will you help me?"

God helped her, and each consecrated Soldier of the Corps made her feel welcome, and assisted her in every possible way they could. It truly was a hard struggle, but Dorothy was more than conqueror.

Not long after her conversion we were appointed Officers of the Corps, and a more devoted Soldier I have never met in all my experience. When severely tempted she would come to the little Quarters to have a talk with "Mother," as she loved to call me, and it was there that I heard the story of her chequered career. The time came for us to leave, and shortly after Dorothy left, also, and went to another city. Poor Dorothy I lost sight of her, and often wondered where she was.

One day I was sitting in the Officers' Quarters of an Eastern city when the door opened, and there suddenly stood before me a noble-looking woman with the bloom of health on her fair, sweet face. How nice she looked in the neat blue dress and Salvation Army bonnet. "Mother," said the stranger, "don't you know me? I lost sight of her so suddenly for a moment or two. Then the sweet face paraded, and she smiled the same old smile. Soon she told me it takes me to write it, she was in my arms. I could only say, "Why! it's Dorothy!" It's Dorothy."

Then we sat down side by side, for I was very anxious to ask her a few questions. Of course, I wanted to know how she had been getting along since last we met. She assured me that God had been near her for her every time of need; she then informed me that she had been addressing on one of the large steamers that cross the ocean, and she assured me that it was just as easy to keep saved on shipboard as anywhere else, adding, "They all know I am a Salvationist, and I have so many chances to speak to people about their souls." "God bless you!" we said to each other, as we parted, and we both felt that God was abundantly able to save and to keep.

—M. G.

WHAT HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

(Continued from Page 6.)

The death of the old dominie made a very great impression upon Jack. With the passing of his old friend the last link of connection with Thrimidoehty was severed.

The voice of God was calling Jack Bryce. Through long years the Saviour had stood without the portals of his heart knocking and seeking, and none could tell what a difference there would have been in Jack's life if he had been a Christian.

The months sped past, and but a few weeks remained until the happy day should come when he and Nellie Armytage would become man and wife. Alas, this happiness was never to come. Once again the curtain of his life was to roll back, and there was to be no up before him a fiery furnace through which he must pass.

The last week-end he had been at Balloch Nellie Armytage had caught a severe chill, but had thought nothing of it at the time. Now, there came to him a few days later a telegram from his aunt summoning him to her side and telling him to return if he would see her alive. She had been stricken with pneumonia.

The shock of this message almost unmanned Jack Bryce for a time. He seemed to do things in a mechanical fashion until the hour came for

him to catch a train. Then the time passed too slowly, for although between Govan and Balloch is but a short distance, an eternity before he found his final form of that station. Tears of despair, so known road he arrived at the last. Tired and worn Jack glanced up at the door, his heart stood still as the blinds streaked the roses which clustered round him as he stood by the door. Nellie had come to him, and then he knew that he was to leave him in his anguish, knowing of his dead love.

(To be continued)

THE BLIND RECEIVE THEM

(Continued from Page 6.)

in the Netherlands. He was speechless, with good reason. After a long stay in hospital a thin cover was left, which required a second operation.

This operation was completed when he realized how much he had been immediately improved by an expression of surprise. The blind man made the remark that in the name of Jesus, God had given him the name of the patient, explained the name of the patient, explained the Lord Jesus who had done it.

Several patients, after having been converted, have become helpful.

Our work is fatiguing, as it is impossible to work day is long, from 8 a.m. to 1 p.m., and from 4 p.m. to 7.30 p.m. besides extra work. The bad tropical diseases, and the difficulties increase the work load, and we are not the best equipped for the task, but we realize also that we make promises of the Lord, when He says, "Believe only!" and "He giveth power to him that hath no might."

And it's a great joy to us even to help so large a number of people from so great a misfortune as of sight.

But more than ever we rejoice in patients, after having been saved, which have clearly seen both the love of Christ and opened to faith and accept Jesus Christ as their Saviour. It is our longing and prayer that the give us good and zealous helpers in this spiritual work, that the great opportunity is fully used, and as many as possible saved.

THE PRAYING LEAGUE

(Continued from Page 6.) would make in a household of three or four members.

This earnest housekeeper was exercised about the work of practical hospitality. And doubtless many of us are excited and rather worried under such circumstances. And so we can understand the feelings of this capable, intelligent hostess, when she has noted her guest's name, "Jesus loves Martha and her sister Lazarus." And we believe that Jesus served her Lord. Her motive was undoubtedly, and true to her sister. But she did not fully understand her private sympathy. She wanted to prepare a meal, but do not know whether she has any motives, such as a desire to make a sacrifice, which is so often the temptation.

(To be continued)

THE LATE GENERALS BIOGRAPHY

(Continued from Page 6.) has been sent to Mr. Begbie, who is his biographer, at his residence near Tunbridge Wells, which he is devoting his time to.

It has, of course, been necessary for Begbie to make considerable personal research, the purpose of interviewing people associated with the late general's career in order to gain first-hand the necessary information. It is hoped that the book will be towards the end of next year, although its publication may be somewhat

IS IT WELL WITH THEE?

It will make your own Christmas much happier to know that you have remembered those this Christmastide with whom it is NOT well.

HE YEAR DRAWING TO A CLOSE has been a very eventful one in many respects, but chiefly because of its disasters by sea and land. This season, Canada, in common with other countries, is suffering acutely from commercial depression consequent on the war and other causes; and, for many this will be a hard winter and a cheerless Christmas.

If you are fortunate, and it "IS WELL WITH THEE," may we not ask that you will be good enough to share your prosperity and comforts with others, not forgetting the promise: "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

The Salvation Army, with its local organisations in all the principal towns and cities of the Dominion, has exceptional facilities for finding out deserving poor and administering effective relief. Our people have had experience that is unique in prosecuting this work, and we are anxious to serve the poor by undertaking to distribute your

CHRISTMAS CHEER AND WINTER RELIEF



All over the Dominion our Corps Officers will be engaged in distributing Christmas Cheer —Toys for the children and food for all ages. The number helped will depend upon the donations received.

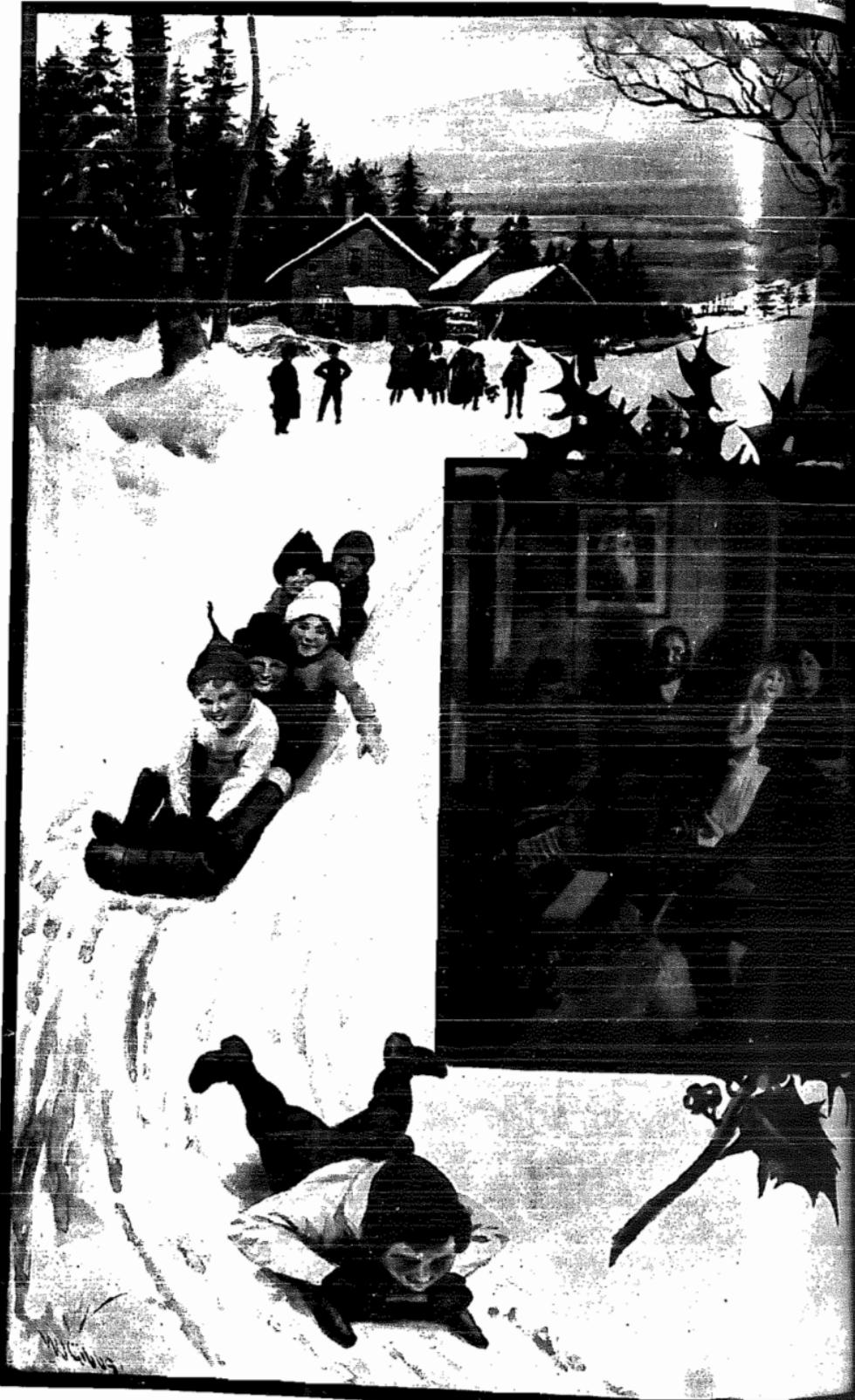
Will you make The Salvation Army your Almoner?

We place our Officers, Workers, Halls, and Organisation at the service of rich and poor. If you will send us your money we will strive to administer it with the greatest efficiency and economy. We will make fullest investigations and will disburse your gifts in any town and amongst any class you may mention.

The following are among those on whose behalf we earnestly appeal:

1. Families whose bread-winner is out of work through illness, and amongst whom poverty and misery prevail.
2. Children whose Christmas has been saddened by the loss of parents and other relatives through death.
3. Homeless men who frequent our Industrial Institutions and Shelters.
4. Orphans in our Children's Homes, and the families of destitute parents.
5. For the General Charitable Work of The Salvation Army.

Donations for any of the above objects should be sent to The Salvation Army, James and Albert Streets, Toronto, Ontario, or to the local representative of The Salvation Army. All such donations will be acknowledged.



The Settlers' Christmas Eve.